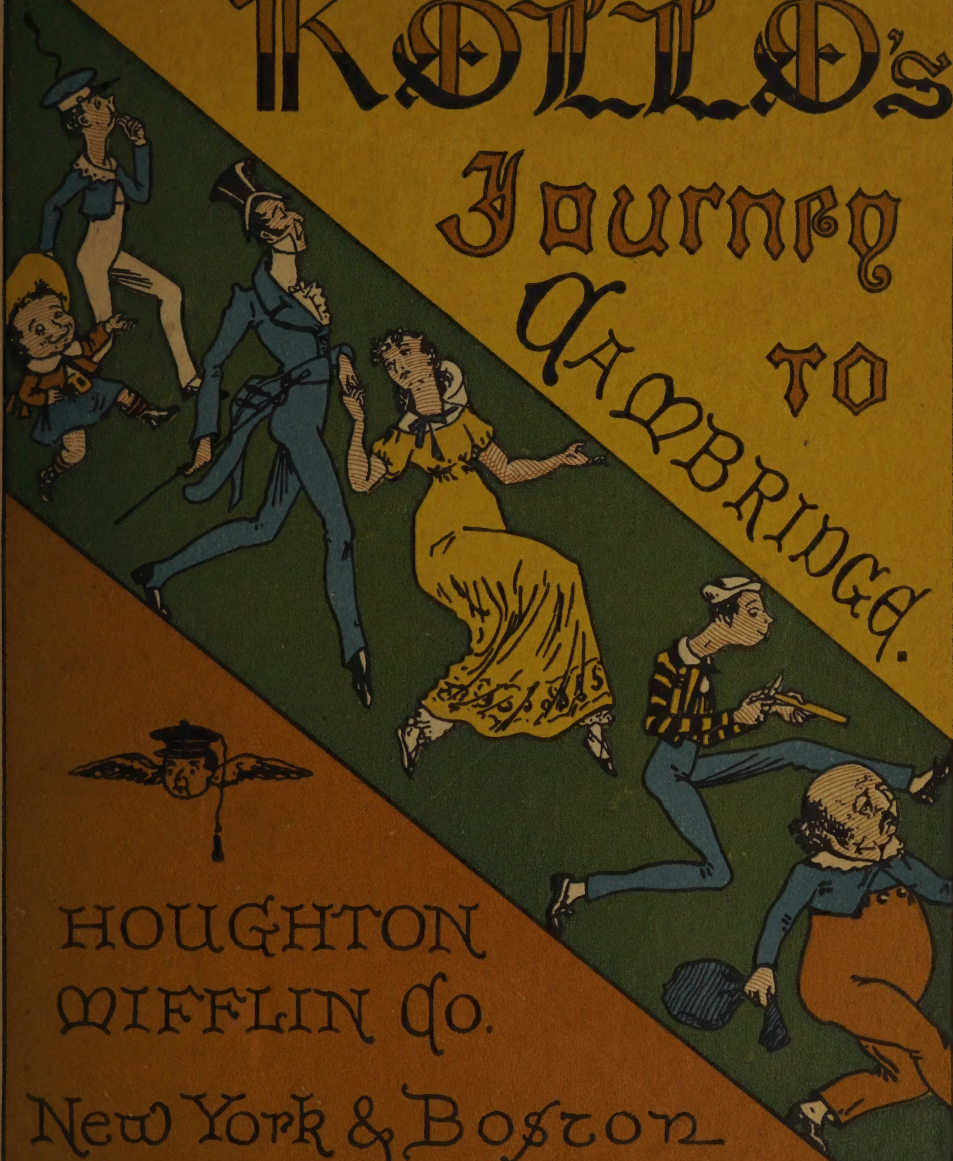


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Journey

TO CAMBRIDGE.



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ROLLO'S

JOURNEY TO CAMBRIDGE

BY
JOHN T. WHEELWRIGHT
AND
FREDERIC J. STIMSON

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND COVER
BY
FRANCIS G. ATTWOOD

Memorial Edition

WITH A FOREWORD BY
EDWARD S. MARTIN

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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1926

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The Riverside Press

CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

TO
THE LABORED WITS
OF
The Harvard Lampoon,

THIS MORAL TALE IS DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHORS.

FOREWORD

"But yesterday," if I had been asked if I was well acquainted with Rollo's Journey to Cambridge, I should have said, Intimately! When I came to read it, I found it was almost all new to me except Attwood's pictures and the text of the first two or three chapters. Whether I ever read the rest of it before I do not know, but to me, the other day, most of it was a brand-new story. I had no idea it was so tragic nor so purely a work of the imagination undeterred by agreement with any facts of history. I did not find any facts of history in it except such fixtures as the Cambridge horse-cars, the college pump, which did spout in the Harvard Yard in 1876 and 1877, and the inscription on University Hall, which was still legible in those years especially in damp weather. For the action of the story the imagination of the writers was wholly responsible.

If any part of our world had been in the years concerned anything like what Cambridge was pictured as being in the time of Rollo, we could indeed congratulate ourselves on a vast improvement in mundane conditions. But this Rollo book is not a historical work. The Dean did not behave as represented in Rollo's time. It was not even so easy to get credit at Hubbard's drug store as these authors would have us think. One would say, though with reservations, that an intruder in a fly like Mr. George could hardly have attained by daylight to the degree of convivial excess related in Rollo, even in the year 1877, without some help from acquaintances previously made in Harvard College. The Dean was not like Gurney, though he was pleasant and so was Gurney. If there was a Chinese professor in the college at that time, he did not run a laundry in connection with his course.

So, as history, Rollo is no good, but as an example of the complete irresponsibility of young writers of the collegiate age he is considerably valuable. Never believe any writer of the collegiate age until you have investigated him and all the circumstances of which he treats. His character has not much to do with it. What is really of some concern is his age, and his attitude towards life. Of course nobody's attitude towards life is normal at twenty. It is all hypothetical; experi-

mental. Boys of that age do not know and are waiting to find out, and their writing does not wait on discovery.

Rollo is now about fifty years old. Fifty years in time is just the tipping of an eyelid, but in human life it is apt to include a good many jolts. Fifty years after Rollo our world is still considerably afflicted by the activities of tough characters. Whatever the imagination can conceive seems liable to come true if time and circumstances favor. Young men in 1876 could imagine how bad bad boys can be. We in 1926 do not have to imagine it: we just read the newspapers. For that reason it seems possible that the movie rights of Rollo may be valuable.

EDWARD S. MARTIN

AN APOLOGY FOR A NEW EDITION.

“ROLLO’S Journey to Cambridge” was written by two of the editors of the “Harvard Lampoon,” and appeared in its columns during the years 1879–1880.

Four college generations, each of four years, have passed away since Rollo first journeyed to Cambridge, so that the little book may interest the antiquarian, and it certainly will aid instructors of the young in conveying the moralities to their charges.

The college has, in these generations, expanded into a great university; but the same elm-trees shade the old Yard, which “never, never shall be” called a “Campus,” and I doubt not that the youngsters still pitch coins in front of Holworthy on bright spring days, as they did of yore, — a gentle athletic sport, which has not yet been ruined by inter-collegiate competition; the Chinese professor is no longer lodged in the little yellow house on Holmes’, and has returned to the Celestial Kingdom; Ben Butler has been elected Governor, but like some of our old friends, failed to get his longed-for degree; the “Annex” has blossomed into “Radcliffe College;” the old Law School eight would now be reckoned formidable upon the river; but the Harvard Man still lives and is much the same as he was in the seventies.

To him and to his friends this new edition is dedicated by the authors.

JOHN T. WHEELWRIGHT,
FREDERIC J. STIMSON,
(*J. S. of Dale*).

BOSTON, January 10, 1895.

NOTICE TO PARENTS.

IN answer to numerous inquiries from parents and guardians, we would state that, although this little work is intended principally as a means of entertainment for their little readers, it is hoped by the writers that they may aid in accomplishing some of the following useful purposes:—

1. In cultivating *the thinking powers*; as frequent occasions occur in which the incidents of the narrative and the conversations arising from them are intended to waken the reasoning and arouse the reflective faculties of the little readers.

2. In promoting their virtuous qualities; as frequent occasions arise for pointing their morals and adorning their narratives.

3. In cultivating the *amiable and gentle qualities of the heart*. The scenes are laid in quiet and virtuous life, and the character and conduct described are generally — with the exception of some of the ordinary exhibitions of childish folly — character and conduct to be imitated.

[ADV.] Also 4. In diffusing a knowledge of our greatest University, where incalculable benefit is derived from the companionship of large numbers of cultivated young men.

tf dec 19*

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ROLLO'S JOURNEY TO CAMBRIDGE.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS OF THE STORY.

ROLLO — *Fifteen years of age.*

MR. AND MRS. HOLIDAY — *Rollo's father and mother.*

THANNY — *Rollo's younger brother.*

JANE or JINNY — *Rollo's cousin, adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Holiday.*

MR. GEORGE — *A young gentleman, Rollo's uncle.*

CHAPTER I.

THE SCHEME.

Rollo at play.

The cigarette.

IT was a bright June morning at about half past five. Rollo and Thanny were at play in the back yard. They had an half an hour back locked little Jinny, Rollo's cousin, in the wood-shed, and had been throwing empty tomato-cans and apple-cores through the window. Jinny had not been pleased at it, but, as Thanny said, Jinny was a girl.

Now, Thanny, who was a very ingenious boy, was cutting a willow stick into whistles with Mr. Holiday's razors, while Rollo, several years his senior, was smoking a paper cigarette which he had found in his Uncle George's pocket. Mr. George smoked for a

cruel nervous disease, and therefore his smoking was no precedent for a boy to follow. Rollo knew this well, and therefore felt a little guilty when he heard Mr. George's voice over the fence.

"Rollo," said Mr. George.

"Yes," answered Rollo, hiding his cigarette behind his back.

"What are you about, Rollo?" asked Mr. George.

"About fifteen," answered Rollo.

"What!" inquired Mr. George, sharply, who was always very peremptory and decisive, though always just in his treatment of Rollo.

"Bunch! Uncle George," was Rollo's reply.

"Rollo," said Mr. George, waiving the repartee, "what are you going to do to-day?"

"To try to be good; Jonas has promised to make me a jack-a-lantern in the shed after tea, if I am a good boy all day."

"I have something far better for you to do to-day, Rollo," rejoined Mr. George.

Rollo was very much pleased, for Mr. George was a very thoughtful man, who had his nephew's interest very much at heart; so Rollo clambered briskly over the fence and went into the house.

He put on his cloth cap with a leather visor and a silken tassel, and brushed his green spencer; when



his toilet * was made, he ran down into the "settin' room," where Mr. George was reading the Encyclopædia.

Mr. George was reading this work through, and had advanced as far as Abyssinia.

"Uncle George," cried Rollo, "I am sorry to disturb you!"

"You are very polite, Rollo. See, I put a mark in my book that I may know where I left off. If I did not do so, I should have to begin over again. I once got as far as Xerxes, and, neglecting to put in the mark, was compelled to go back to Aaron."

It was very kind and thoughtful for Mr. George to tell Rollo this.

"What is your plan for to-day?" asked Rollo.

"I am going to drive with you, Jonas, and Thanny to Cambridge. I had intended to take Jinny with me, but she is in the wood-shed and I have no authority to take her out."

"What are we to do there?" asked Rollo.

"You are to be examined for College, Rollo. You will be examined in twenty required subjects and five optional ones all at once."

"But," interrupted Rollo, "I have travelled so much that I have never been to school, and have never studied!"

"That may or may not be unfortunate," was Mr. George's reply. "As I understand it, an examination is to find out what you do not know rather than

what you do. If, as you say, you know nothing, you must see the necessity of your being examined."

Rollo was convinced by the argument, and was glad when he heard the sound of wheels on the carriage road, and saw Jonas flicking a fly from old Dapple's flank.

"Come, Rollo," said Mr. George, putting on his dress-coat and patent-leather shoes, "I am prepared to go."

CHAPTER II.

ROLLO A SUB-FRESHMAN.

The T. D. Pipe.

The University — where it is going

"UNCLE GEORGE," said Rollo.

"Well, Rollo?" said Mr. George.

"May I hold the reins out of the yard?"

"I see no objection, but you must give them up to Jonas at the railroad track."

Rollo took the reins and flapped them gleefully. As soon as they got past the white houses of the village, Mr. George took out of his vest pocket a small shagreen pocket-book, a large flat bottle filled with a brown liquid, a square brown piece of tobacco, and a T. D. pipe. "Jonas," said he, "have you anything in the shape of a knife about your person?"

Jonas produced out of the right-hand pocket of his

* Toilet is a French word. It means dressing yourself so as to look as spruce as possible, using little or no soap and water.

homespun over-alls a long piece of twine, a chair-castor, a coffin-plate, a jews-harp, a large piece of wax to which were attached several nails for an emergency, and finally a knife, which he handed to Mr. George.

"Rollo," said Mr. George, "I wish you distinctly to understand that I smoke for a cruel nervous disease, and that your conduct of this morning is none the less incomprehensibly reprehensible."

"Say it again and say it slow!" said Rollo.

"Rollo," replied Mr. George, "your father has authorized me to give you twenty-five cents, which I now credit to your account, on the condition that you spend none of it without my permission. I would take charge of a boy in Cambridge on no other terms."

"You are very good, Uncle George," said Rollo. "Please give it to me."

"No, Rollo," said Mr. George, "*I said*, credit it to your account, which is a very different thing from giving it to you."

"So is a hen," replied Rollo, politely.

They were now driving through a long, straight street. There were two sides to it, and on each side was a sidewalk and a row of trees. Behind the trees was a row of white wooden houses with French roofs. The sidewalks were of brick; and were thronged with many brightly attired young girls. Each girl kept at a distance a fashionably attired young gentleman.

This street was called North Avenue, Mr. George



informed Rollo, and it led directly to a sort of spacious field. On the field there were many imposing brick buildings. In the middle of the field there was a pump. There ought to have been a drain.

"This," said Mr. George, "you will learn to know as your Alma Mater,—which are two Greek words, meaning, Go as you please."

They alighted in front of a large white hall.

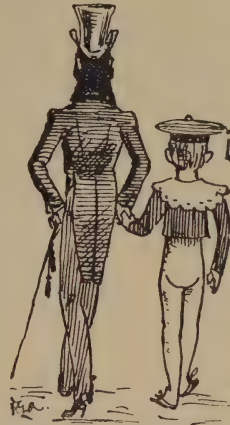
"Is it possible?" cried Mr. George, in a tone of great astonishment.

"What?" asked Rollo.

"Why, to find that the inscription which was wickedly placed upon University Hall is not effaced, though years have elapsed."

Rollo looked and saw in faint black capitals the following inscription: "The University is going to Hell!"

Thanny and Jonas drove away to the stable to put up the horse, while Mr. George went up with Rollo to see the Dean.



The Dean is a sort of Beadle, and is the official guide to the University, but is allowed to receive no fees for his services. They walked up a curious flight of stone steps, which a kind young gentleman, whom they met, informed them was a great curiosity, which visitors came hundreds of miles to see, since it had no visible means of support.

CHAPTER III.

A PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION.

The Dean's Den.

The Christian Registrar.

MR. GEORGE knocked gently upon the door.

"Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the baby," carolled a jovial voice within, and a strong



chorus of voices from a back room took up the strain.

"Don't make a noise, or else you'll rouse the child!"

Mr. George opened the door, and entered, bowing. A sedate gentleman was seated at a table playing Solitaire.

"The Dean, I believe?" inquired Mr. George, with a polite smile. "Say how do you do to the gentleman, Rollo."

"The same, my bold Buccaneer," was the genial reply; "take your boots off and make yourself at home, find a seat upon the floor, and let your legs hang over!"

Now Mr. George had put on his dress-coat and tight trousers, and found great difficulty in complying with the request.

When he had done so, he rose and bowed, saying, "Sir, this is my nephew Rollo."

"And who," interrupted the Dean, "is Rollo's uncle?"

"Rollo, this is Mr. Dean," continued Mr. George.

"Charley Dean," inquired Rollo, "of Deenville?"

"Same man," answered the functionary with a smile.

"Wine with you!" Rollo was about to say, but Mr. George's hand was placed upon his mouth.

"Mr. Dean," said Mr. George, "my nephew has come to be examined for the Freshman class. Oblige me by looking at his bumps."

"That," said the Dean, "is the Registrar's duty. I will summon him. Will you kindly lend me a three-cent stamp?"

"Certainly," said Mr. George, handing it to him.

The Dean laid the stamp upon the floor. "That will fetch him," said he, with an air of great satisfaction.

"But how will he know?" asked Mr. George.

"By the noise of the stamp,—don't be foolish," said the Dean. "A three-cent stamp does for that; when I wish to call a meeting of the whole Faculty, a five-cent one is necessary."

As he finished speaking, a light Form bounded into the room.

"Name and class?" inquired the Form.

"Rollo Holiday, third," said Rollo, for he had always travelled by that class when abroad.

The Form felt with his hand for Rollo's bumps, and cried, "He has no head; condition him!"

But the Dean paid no attention, he was lost in thought, and conversely thought was lost on him.

"But how can he make it up?" asked Mr. George.

"He cannot, until he has been some time in college; some morning he will wake up with a head on him."

Mr. George took his hat and cane. "I'll see you later," said he to the Dean.

"Not if I see you first," answered the Dean, and returned to his Solitaire.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOTTERY.

Mr. George's Departure.

Lots of Fun.

"ONE of the greatest benefits of a course at Harvard, Rollo," said Uncle George, as they descended the steps, "is that derived from viewing the noble architectural specimens which are all around you."

Rollo had seen many beautiful things, both in his journey to Cambridge on that morning and in his European travels, but he had never seen anything which impressed him so much as the spacious building which Mr. George pointed out to him. It was built in the perpendicular style of architecture, its lines were straight, its roof slated, and it had many windows in it, which gave upon the green.



"What is it used for?" asked Rollo.

"It is called Thayer's Hall; and as, from its size, Mr. Thayer would not require it all for his residence, I suppose that some of the scholars live here also."

"I want to know!" said Rollo. "Perhaps I shall live here next year, Uncle George."

"Whether you do or not depends upon yourself, my boy. Jonas and Thanny have not appeared yet."



Can it be that they are in trouble? I must look after them, and after information as to your examinations. For, although the Dean was a frank-spoken and affable gentleman, I did not get from his remarks a clear idea of the requirements for admission. Therefore I leave you to look around here by yourself. You will undoubtedly commit many blunders; but that is your own look-out. In no event must you look for help from me."

Saying this, Mr. George walked off across a path leading to a gate. Rollo watched him go across the street and finally disappear in a basement entrance. Over the entrance was a sign on which was written, in gilt letters,

LA GERBIER.

Rollo walked over the many paths, much interested in the new faces which he saw.

As he was looking at a large crowd of boys of about his own years, who were standing in front of a brick building with a cupola upon its top, he was approached by a lad apparently about eighteen years of age, who wore a cane and had on a tall black hat. His complexion was dark, and his hair very black and glossy. He was neatly and very prettily dressed; though in a very peculiar style, his costume being quite different from anything that Rollo had ever seen before. This is his picture:—



"Can't you find any one to play with you?" asked the boy.

"No," said Rollo, "my play is work! I am being

examined to-day. I was conditioned in 'Bumps' just now."

The boy laughed merrily for a while, and then asked, "What is your name?"

"Rollo."

"Dear me!" said the boy, "I know all about *you*! Come up to my room. I will put you up to snuff about things here."

Rollo held out his hand to him, that they might walk along together.

"What is your name, sir?" asked Rollo.

"Thomas Dodd," answered the boy.

Rollo and Thomas had not gone far when they came to another building, which they entered.

"This," said Thomas, pointing to a door, "is where I hang out."

"Can you do it long?" asked Rollo.

"For more than two years," answered Thomas, as he opened the door.

The room was full of smoke, and Rollo could see that the walls were covered with many curious things. Seated on comfortable chairs in the room were a number of young men in easy attitudes. They were smoking paper cigarettes, and large pipes. They all rose and bowed politely to Rollo as he entered.

"This is a young gentleman who is trying for college," said Thomas. "He desires information about the examinations."

"Good on his head!" "Pretty boy!" "Take a weed!"—were the exclamations which Rollo heard from the inmates of the room.

"I like your looks, my boy," said one; "and as a great favor you may smoke my new brier-wood pipe."

So Rollo filled the pipe with tobacco of a black color, and was soon puffing away at it. The smoke, however, would get up his nose at times.

"He will be a very popular man here," said Thomas, pointing to Rollo.

Rollo smiled, and puffed deeper at the pipe.

"I shall soon ask them about the examinations," he thought to himself. "They are scholars, I suppose. Why are they not doing sums or exercises? It is all very strange."

"Gentlemen sports and Rollo," cried Thomas, "the weather is remarkably hot; curiously enough, my coppers are hot, too. Let us have a cooling beverage."

"Agreed!" cried the scholars.

"And that there may be no unfairness, let us draw lots to see who shall procure the ingredients of the punch. I will put these pieces of paper in a hat. The man who draws the one with a black cross on it will be the man to be stuck!"

"Why it is like 'Eeny, meeny, mony, my!'" cried Rollo.

Now, funnily enough, Thomas had marked all the pieces of paper with a black cross, and Rollo drew first, because he was company.

"I have the black-crossed paper!" cried Rollo, who had not had the moral courage to tell his new-found friends that he had no money in his pocket, and therefore ought not to go into the lottery.

"Will the ingredients cost more than a quarter of a dollar?" asked Rollo, gazing ruefully at the piece of paper, and feeling that he was in a vexatious situation.



CHAPTER V.

UNCLE GEORGE'S ASCENSION.

Hanging it up.

Low Trick on Mr. George.

ROLLO came to the door which opened upon the platform before the hall and looked out into the green yard and across the avenue. Then he looked over towards the square. He seemed to be looking for somebody. Then he took a small ivory whistle from his pocket. It was attached to his vest by a green silk ribbon.

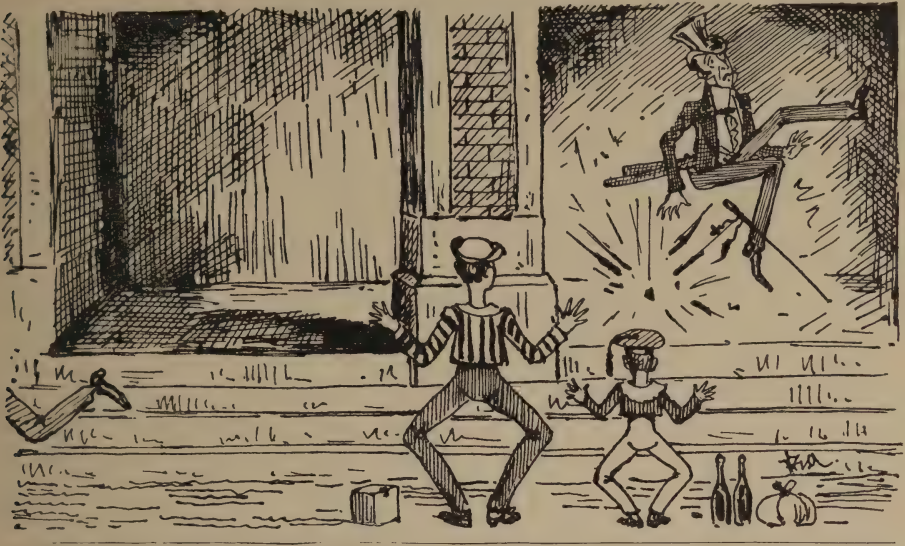
He stood out upon the platform, and blew the whistle loud and long.

Presently he heard a voice crying, "Rol—lo!"

Jonas appeared soon around the corner.

"Jonas," said Rollo, "I am to buy the ingredients."

"What are they, Rollo," said Jonas.



Rollo took out a small piece of paper. It was addressed to J. H. Hubbard, Pharmacist. It was folded across the middle. On the inside was written:—

R Spir. Frumenti : 500 ℥.
Citr. Naturales : 12.
Aq. Vitæ : 200 ℥.
Borage : quant. suff.
Aq. pura : omnis gutta spoliât punchum.

"A prescription!" said Jonas.

"Yes, for 'hot coppers,' Mr. Dodd told me," said Rollo, sobbing. "I was chosen to pay for it, but I have no money!"

"That will make no difference!" answered Jonas; "tell Mr. Hubbard to 'hang it up.'"

"To hang it up!" cried Rollo; "why, Mr. Dodd said they were to drink it up!"

"Don't interrupt," continued Jonas. "To 'hang up' is a term which I have read in books. It means to 'charge to the account of.'"

"Oh!" cried Rollo, "that is what Uncle George does with my pocket money!"

"Very well," said Jonas, "hang it up to Mr. Dodd, who sent you."

Was it right for Rollo to do this?

Rollo and Jonas, by this device, procured the ingredients, which the urbane and gentlemanly phar-

macist hung and did up in two bottles and a brown-paper parcel, with a white string.

Rollo and Jonas walked back through the yard. They passed a large brick hall with two hot-houses on the top, and a square hole in the front, in the back wall of which were two stone slabs. On each slab was an inscription in capital Latin.

"Please, Jonas, what do you think this place is?" asked Rollo.

"It is the receiving tomb of the University, where they put the scholars who 'dead,' I believe," answered Jonas.

While Rollo and Jonas stood looking at it, a figure with an old hat drawn over his eyes, holding a burning fuse in his hand, glided from a corner and rushed away.

Just then Mr. George walked out of the door at the side of the receiving tomb. As he was going through it a bomb exploded between his legs, and he was hurled violently into the yard.

"Helen Blaise!" ejaculated Mr. George. "Jonas, what was that?"

"You will be better in the fall!" cried the retreating figure with the fuse.

Now it was not the fall that hurt Mr. George, but the reaching the ground so suddenly.

"I think, sir," said Jonas, "it was a hand-grenade. They are provided by the Medical Faculty."

"Why do they do it, Jonas?" said Rollo.

"To get subjects for their post-mortem examinations."

QUESTIONS.

Quid spoliat punctum? What was the prescription for? What are hot coppers? Why did Jonas tell Rollo to hang it up? What was the brown-paper parcel tied with? Who are put in the receiving tomb? What did Uncle George say when he struck the ground? Was there anything improper in this remark? Would you use it in a ball-room? Tell all you know about the Med. Fac.

CHAPTER VI.

CRIBBING.

Mr. George's Little Game.

Contrivances.

"I FEEL rather flurried," Mr. George remarked, as he picked himself up from the gravel-path where he had been hurried by the explosion. "Rollo, what have you in those bottles?"

"Uncle George," said Rollo, "they contain ingredients for a punch. I am to bring them to Mr. Dodd's room."

"Rollo," said his uncle, "I always like to assist you when you are doing for others. I will willingly inconvenience myself by carrying them to Mr. Dodd's room. It is high time for you to go to your examination. Jonas will show you the way."

Jonas took a large box under his arm, and they walked along together.

"Did you ever go to college, Jonas?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas. "I went to the Bussey Institute. In fact, I may say, Le Bussey Institute, c'est moi."

"Don't you wish you could go now?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "I think I should like it better than you will."

"Better than I?" said Rollo, looking up with surprise; "why, I like it very much indeed."

"You have n't tried it yet," said Jonas.

"O, but I know I shall like it."

"They all like it the first day; but afterwards they find a great many things which they do not like very well."

"What things?" asked Rollo.

"Why, sometimes you will get to playing poker after tea, and when prayer-time comes before breakfast you will not want to go. Then your studies will be hard sometimes, and the Dean will not be nice to you. And perhaps they will not elect you into the St. Paul's."

Rollo felt somewhat disappointed at hearing such an account of the business of going to college from Jonas. He had expected that it was to be all pleas-

ure, and he could not help thinking that Jonas must be mistaken about it. However, he said nothing, but walked along slowly and silently.

"Please to tell me what have you in the box, Jonas," asked Rollo.

"O, that I call my examination apparatus," answered Jonas.

"An examination apparatus?" cried Rollo.

"An examination apparatus," answered Jonas.

Jonas set the box upon the ground and opened the lid, which was fastened with two hinges and a hook. Rollo saw therein many strange things.

"This," said Jonas, taking up a bundle of cigarette papers, "contains all Latin and Greek Grammar, Chi-



nese I, Fine Arts III, Ancient and Modern Geography, Calisthenics, Andrew's Latin Lexicon, and Quackenbos's History of the United States. And this is a preparation for producing a sudden and violent nose-bleed. This is a certificate of good moral character, signed by the Superintendent of Police and the Treasurer of the Howard Athenæum. This bank-note is counterfeit. On the back—which is blank—is written in invisible ink all irregular verbs, the equations of eccentric curves, and the obscure and disputed points in American history."

"But suppose they ask me the regular verbs?" said Rollo.

"They will not," said Jonas. "They only wish you to know the exceptions, because they prove the rules."

"But suppose they see me with the bank-note—"

"They will only think you are endowing the proc-



tor: and a percentage of all bribes goes to the fund for pensioning good and faithful servants."

"But suppose—"

"Suppose I was a bar?" said Jonas.

Rollo felt the rebuke, and hung his head in silence.

QUESTIONS.

In what Institution was Jonas raised? Was it so called because it is a Busy Institute? What did Uncle George do with the ingredients?

CHAPTER VII.

EXPLORING.

Prescribed Chinese.

Thanny goes it alone.

WHEN Jonas and Thanny went to the stable to put up the horse, Jonas had been given twenty-five cents by Mr. George. He endeavored to make a trade with the stable-man for twenty cents, in order that he might keep five cents for his next Sunday-school contribution. While Jonas was dickering, Thanny slipped away.

Now Jonas had been instructed to keep his eye upon Thanny; but Thanny thought he could have a

better time by himself. "I mean to play this hand alone," said he. Thanny was a badly behaved boy. He had played much with the boys about the village hotel.

So he walked on by a grave-yard and a green common to a big field. In the middle was a bare-headed stone soldier, who had got out of his stone sentry-box and was standing on the roof. This was erected to commemorate the gymnastic feats of the Harvard Rifle Corps.

Thanny kept on to an open field, where were young men, clothed in flannel, playing battledore-and-shuttlecock over a net stretched on two poles, the points of which were fixed in the ground.

Others clubbed a ball into the air for their friends to catch. The ball was stuffed; the club was also stuffed.

Thanny was not invited to join in the sport; so he walked on to a low yellow building standing by the side of the road. There were red curtains in the windows; and on the front door, in large letters which ran from the top to the bottom, was the sign:—

S
G L C E P
I I H S R
N N I E O
G N F.

He clambered up the steps and knocked at the door.

Presently the door was opened by a yellow-skinned gentleman, with eyes cut bias, and dressed in bright-colored silks. A steam came from the house that reminded Thanny of washing-day at home.

“Are the old folks to home?” asked Thanny, with a pretty lisp.

answered the gentleman, with a salaam.*

Thanny listened attentively to what his new friend said, in order to see if he could not distinguish some words that he could understand; but he could not, and he finally concluded that it sounded just as the hieroglyphics look on the fire-cracker boxes, and that it must be a Chinaman. Moreover, he had a pig-tail hanging from his head. In the room beyond, through the steam, he saw two cunning yellow Chinese children playing a curious game upon the floor. Each child alternately stuck up in the air a number of fingers; and when the numbers did not tally, the extra fingers were chopped off by the other child.



“This,” said Thanny, “is better than mumblety-peg.”

Besides the children, they were, in the back of the room, mangling clothes.

“Yes, I will sit down, since you press me,” said Thanny, seating himself upon a lacquered golden chair, fashioned like a dragon, and scratching off the gilt with his finger-nails.

“Welcome fair-faced stranger of a cold but thrice-happy North! The descendant of a thousand learned Panjandruns, with gilt buttons upon their tops, hath at last a pupil whom to instruct in the ten thousand holy books of the Yellow Dragon!” †

* A salaam is a low kind of bow.

† The gentleman made these remarks, of course, in Chinese; but we give them in English for the convenience of the dullest of our readers. We know Chinese.

“Ain’t got no washin’, old Pard,” said Thanny; “I wear paper collars.”

“Ah! not in vain has your least-to-be-considered-of-all-mortals been immured for thirty-one years and seven moons in a dark closet with the seven thousand golden tomes of the never-too-little-to-be-deprecated Confutsee, that he might commit to his always-to-be-passed-by-in-scorn memory their always-quite-too-awfully-precious contents, that he might have the ecstasy ineffable of communicating them to the bright-faced moon-eyed children of the country of the Beautiful Banner for commercial purposes!” Saying which, he flew a kite, set off some rockets, and banged a gong.

“Go it, old Fireworks! tink-y-tanky, Feast of Lanterns, Chin-chin, hi-ya!” said Thanny, putting his hands to his ears.

It was his last burst of childish glee.

The Professor took down long scrolls of rice paper, on which were written strange and disreputable characters. He piled them in a dark closet, with two dead cats, a rat, and an edible bird’s nest, labelled “tiffin.” Thanny did not see the full force of these dread preparations, until the Mandarin took Thanny by the hand, and, pointing at the books and then at Thanny’s head, shoved him into the closet and turned the key in the door.

“Muchee gooddee!” chuckled the Professor. “He has taken my elective. After seventeen golden years I shall take him out, and he will know my tongue and the seven thousand books of the divine Confutsee.”

Thus was the key turned upon Thanny’s spirit for seventeen years.

QUESTIONS.

Account for Thanny’s defects of character on grounds of early home instruction. What did the gentleman say to Thanny when he opened the door? How many of whose fingers were chopped off by which child? Reduce to vulgar fractions. Show the benefits of the elective system, as illustrated by the Chinese method of education.

Note to Chapter VII.

That Thanny’s apparently sad fate may not seem sensational and improbable, the reverend authors refer to Williams’s “Middle Kingdom,” Vol. I. p. 439.

“The hall at Canton (where the examination of the *Kü-jin*, or promoted men, is held) contains 7500 cells, measuring four feet by three, and high enough to stand up in. The furniture consists of two boards, one for sitting and the other contrived to serve both for an eating-table and a writing-desk. All these things, as well as the writing materials, cooking apparatus, and every officer, porter,



and menial [*quare proctor?*] are carefully searched. The cells are arranged around a number of open courts, receiving all their light and air from the central area, and exposed to the observation of the soldiers who guard the place and watch that no one has the least intercourse with the imprisoned students. [President E-l-l-t's attention is called to this perfect system of espionage.]

"Confinement in this cramped position, where it is impossible to lie down, is exceedingly irksome, and is said to cause the death of many old students [unmatriculated], who are unable to go through the fatigue, but who still enter the arena in hopes of at last succeeding. Cases have occurred when father, son, and grandson appeared at the same time to compete for the same prize.

"The unpleasantness of the strait cell is much increased by the smoke arising from the cooking, which is all done in the court, and by the heat of the weather. Whenever a student *dies in his cell* the body is pulled through a hole made in the wall, and left there for his friends to carry away."

CHAPTER VIII.

EXAMINING.

Benjamin and Dovey.

The Professor and the Mucker.

ROLLO and Jonas had not half crossed the yard, when Mr. George put his head out of an upper window in Holworthy, and said, "Rollo!"

"What, Uncle George?" said Rollo.

"Go directly to the Examination-rooms and do not stop around by the Square to get a glass of soda-water."

"Why?" said Rollo.

Mr. George slammed the window and made no reply.

Now Rollo had not thought of this before; but he now felt very much inclined to do it.

"Just one minute, Jonas," said he.

"I advise you not to," said Jonas.

"Why not?" said Rollo.

"That is the way I have known a great many boys to get punished," said Jonas.

"Well," said Rollo, "I am going. I do not think there is much harm done in taking a glass of soda-water."

"Yes," said Jonas, "there is great harm done. You do what you know is wrong; you thus hurt your peace of mind, make yourselves and your kind parents unhappy, and make it easier to do wrong the next time; you displease the Almighty Noumenon and Mr. George. However, you will count me in for some soda with brandy in it."

Now Rollo found a large company of Sophomores at the apothecary's, who all insisted on drinking to Rollo's health, and at his expense. He thus learned how wrong it was to disobey Uncle George.

They then turned the corner and came to a house with a belfry.

"Is that the school-house?" said Rollo,



DOVEY.

"The school is kept in that house, Subby," said a voice.

Rollo looked around indignantly. "Subby yourself," said he.

"Right you are, my boy. Yet I have been trying for my degree these dozen years."

"Your name, sir?" said Rollo.

"Butler, my boy, B. F. Butler, of Lowell. I thought the easiest way was to be Governor. They always give one to the Governor. But now I think it is quickest to go through college. Besides, I have promised post-traderships to all the proctors, and a big haul to the College."

"Ho!" said Rollo. "That's a good deal to give for a degree."

"Hush, fool!" was the reply. "I must have at least an LL.D. Don't you know that one can't be President of the U. S. without an LL.D. Harv.? Why, even to get appointed P. M. one must have been A. M."

Rollo was silent; and he and Benjamin went into the examination-rooms. There were rows of seats and desks; they each took one. Between them was a girl. She was a very wild-looking little thing. She wore a coarse green gown, darned and mended in various places. A small straw bonnet, a good deal out of shape, hung back from her head, and her hair was down over her eyes. While Rollo was looking at her she suddenly stooped and ran a steel pen into his ankle.

"Ow!" cried Rollo, "you horrid, ugly —"

"Then you should n't look at me without being introduced," she answered, with a toss of the head. "We girls of the Harvard Annex mean to show that we can maintain our position with dignity and reserve. My name is Dovey, but I shall be Ann next."

Rollo was pondering this problem, when they handed around a large number of blue books, with lists of questions. Rollo tried like a good boy to write, but was much disturbed by the conversation that was kept up between Dovey and Benjamin. This was also observed by a large man who had given them the books. He walked stealthily up behind Benjamin, but one of Ben's eyes could see around a corner. With the other he winked to Dovey, who was immediately silent; and then he whispered in a hoarse voice to Rollo, "I will tell you, — George Washington was first in war, first in pea —"

"Communicating!" cried the proctor to Rollo; and poor Rollo was taken by the coat-collar, dragged across the hall, and dropped out of the window.

Rollo sat upon the grass, and wept bitterly.

"Why, Rollo!" said Jonas.

"O Jonas!" said Rollo, "I have not passed; that is, they passed me out," — and he told Jonas all.

"Never mind, Rollo, we will pass them by on the other side," said Jonas. "Have you your paper of questions?"

"Yes," sobbed Rollo, "but I do not know them."

"That makes no difference," said Jonas. "Give them to me."

Jonas then pulled out of his examination-apparatus box a blue book, a set of Notes and Queries, a volume called "Facts little Known," and another named "Things that No Feller can Find out." "We will





find the answers here," said he;—and before the morning was over, the answers were all written neatly out in the blue book.

"Now," said Jonas, "I must get a Mucker."

A newsboy was passing by, whom Jonas called.

"You see, Pat, that benevolent-looking old gentleman with the pile of blue books on his arm, coming out of the hall?" said Jonas.

"Old Professor Fullalove? w'al, I shuld smile!" said the newsboy.

"Here," said Jonas, "are five cents for you, if you will carry this examination book up to him, and say he has dropped it."

Patrick did exactly as Jonas directed. "Thank you, my son," said the Professor politely, handing the boy a quarter, and putting Rollo's book under his arm with the rest.

Pat bit the coin, and ascertained its correctness.

Jonas was a very intelligent boy, and was a great help to Rollo's father on his farm.

Draw a moral from the soda-water. Find a moral in Benjamin Butler. Point a moral in the story of Dovey. In Gilmore's national anthem,

"Columbia! 'T was in fire and blood
Brave the foremost stood;
With banner high and sword in hand,
He drove the tyrant from the land."

Who done it?

CHAPTER IX.

SKYLARKING.

Mr. George's Strange Conduct.

Rollo's Arrest.

"JONAS," said Rollo, "I am getting along better than most of the boys and girls. They are still in the hall guessing the conundrums; Benny and Dovey and the rest are in that hot, stuffy place, while I am on the fresh green grass."

Jonas and Rollo were seated under a tree on a small piece of turf, which is kept in the yard to show that grass could be grown there, if the President had another cow. They could hear from the hall, which Rollo had left so strangely and unexpectedly, the scholars singing in unison—

B A, bi baby by.
B U, bu baby by U.
B E, be baby by O.
B U!

It was the examination in reading English at sight, and Vulgar Fractions.

"I have no doubt I shall get in," continued Rollo. "You know they give each of us numbers in exchange for our names. Benny, the fat, funny-looking boy, dropped his number on the floor, and I pretended to pick it up, and handed him mine. So he is writing my books for me."

"Why, Rollo," cried Jonas, "how could you do such a thing? You get the benefit of another's work,—one who has worked hard. You will be admitted by a cheat. You have a long head!"

"Not too long, Jonas, but just long enough!" cried Rollo.

"Well, we are all right up to the present time," answered Jonas, with a knowing wink. "'Fifty cents all round!'"

Just then a loud sort of calling and peals of laughter were heard at the end of the yard, and a crowd of the scholars were seen standing at a door in Mr. Holworthy's Hall. A cracked voice was heard singing, in a gay but broken tone:

"Soyez gai, soyez gai, il le faut,

Je le veux!

Tra-lu-ee-ee! tra-loo-oo-oo!"

The voice came from a man who had the air of having once been respectably dressed. He had on an old black beaver covered with dust, in which were cut the letters, "Hoop her up for 77." Behind the let-



ters, inside of the hat, was pasted white paper. His coat was turned inside out, and his right shoe was upon his left foot, and his left shoe upon his right foot. This gave him the appearance of being undecided in his movements. But the most remarkable thing which Rollo noticed was that on his face were

painted in a black outline, which comes from corks that have been combusted in a gas flame, heavy false eyebrows forming an angle above his nose. A mustache, painted in the same material, was on his lips. He held in one hand a cornet-à-piston,* in the other an empty champagne-bottle.

"Why, it is Mr. George!" cried Jonas.

Yes, it was Mr. George; but all his angles had melted away into gentle curves, and he smiled very openly as he *ricochetted* from one elm-tree to another.

"Splendid time, old fells!" cried he, trying to blow the cornet, and weeping over his efforts, which were in vain. "Have n't had such a good time since I was in Paris,—chère Paris!"

"Skip the gutter," cried the youths.

Mr. George tried to do so, but was not very successful, since he landed violently upon his nose against the side of a brick building.

As he was rubbing his nose, he espied Jonas and Rollo, who were seated with their hands raised in the air as if they were astonished. And they were astonished!

"Hullo, good day! Jonas Thanny," said Mr. George, tacking towards them; "how are you getting 'long with your examinashlums, Rol'?"

"O Uncle George," Rollo answered, "are you very ill? He must have had a sun-stroke, Jonas."

"He must have taken a 'dose for an adult' of the 'prescription,'" said Jonas to himself.

"Lesh sherenade the Faculty!" cried Mr. George, who had been standing, evidently in thought, gazing into the mouth of the cornet. "Have real old college time! You sing solo, Rol'; I will accompany you 'pon the cornet. Bully old instrumem!"

Now Rollo was accustomed, as you know, to obey his uncle, at least before his back was turned; but he hesitated to sing at his present command.

But Mr. George seemed to forget that he had requested aid in his proposed concert, and went bravely to work blowing through the large end of the cornet.

If you look through the large end of a telescope you see everything very little; if you blow through the large end of a cornet, you hear very little of anything.

But Mr. George had discovered that the small end of the cornet puckered his lips badly, so that he did not look very handsome, while the large end comfortably received his entire face,—which gave him a certain moral support.

Though the cornet made little music, Mr. George

* Kindly furnished for the occasion by the Pierian Sodality.

himself made a great deal, which was favorably received by the scholars who stood at their windows in the various halls, and called loudly for more. Thus encouraged, Mr. George continued his concert for some time. Jonas and Rollo were not a little disconcerted by this, but they judged it best to be silent.

Mr. George had gone through his *repertoire*, and was giving "Fair Harvard," with variations, at the earnest request of the audience, when the crowd gave way and dispersed, as a voice cried, "The myrmidons of the law!"

Jonas disappeared down the cellar of Holworthy. At the critical moment, Dovey emerged from University, seized Mr. George by the arm, and, passing unmolested through the throng of policemen, said, "He is mine. I mean upon this sot to try the refining influence of woman." Mr. George's under-jaw fell, and his countenance assumed an expression of ashy paleness. This left only Rollo, who was gradually surrounded by a circle of sixteen mounted policemen. These were provided with lassos, and began circling around him at a full gallop, discharging their revolvers at him as they rode.

Rollo sank upon his knees, his hands outstretched in attitude of prayer.

At this eight dismounted and approached, while the others covered Rollo with their revolvers. When they came sufficiently near, two of them struck him with billies on the temple. A billy is a sort of miniature battering-ram. Rollo at once became senseless,—that is, more so than usual. The rest of the policemen then approached, applied twisters to each of his wrists, endued him with a straight jacket, manacled one leg, and attached a ball and chain to the other. He was then removed to the station-house.

When he arrived there, at the interposition of Benjamin Butler and the Dean his mangled remains were released on bail, to appear and answer to a charge of manslaughter in the first degree on the following morning.

QUESTIONS.

Explain the principle by which Rollo got the Bulge on Ben. Did you see a hat with "Hoop her up for '77," pasted on it in white letters? Would you wear such a hat to Sunday School? Have you ever skipped a gutter? Account for Mr. George's conduct. By whom was he accumulated? How does the majesty of the Cambridge law vindicate itself? What is the connection between being released on bail and the absence of water in Rollo's prescription?

CHAPTER X.

THE JOURNEY TO EAST CAMBRIDGE.

The American Girl.

Mr. Henry James.

THE next morning, Rollo awoke and found himself stretched upon a sofa. At first he could not remember where he was; but he soon recognized the room as being Mr. Dodd's. When he remembered that his trial was to be at ten, he could not help crying. He walked to the door which gave on the yard, and was immediately met by Benny. Benny had gone bail for him, and said he was very glad to find Rollo once more.

They found Mr. George asleep in the adjoining bedroom, and had some difficulty in rousing him. He fortunately had his boots on, so they lost no time, except that he sent Jonas to buy some soda-water and the largest hat he could find.

"Well," said Mr. George, "what do you propose that we should do?"

"I will defend Rollo," said Benny. "I know the Judge."

"I propose," said Rollo, "that we should take the horse-car below Memorial Hall. We can go that way for six cents. I have already bought an imitation coral scarf-pin with the difference."

It was unfortunate that Rollo said this, as Benny at once insisted on having it added to what he called his retainer.

They got into the horse-car, and shortly after Dovey came in with the man who had been called a proctor at Rollo's examination, Dovey leading the way. They passed between Mr. George and Rollo, and stood there for a moment, looking about for a good seat. A German band was playing on the platform, so that what she said was not very audible; but still Mr. George and Rollo could hear it.

"I want a corner seat," said Dovey. "Ask that gentleman if he would not be willing to take a middle seat, and let us sit together in the corner."

"We had better go to some other car," said the proctor, in an undertone. "He wishes to have the corner seat himself, probably, and has come early, perhaps, to get it."

"O, no," said Dovey; "this is a very nice car, and he would just as soon change as not, I have no doubt. Ask him, Charley, do!"

So Dovey moved to one side for the proctor to pass. Mr. Charles, thus urged, approached the gentleman and said, in a very bland and respectful manner, "Should you have any objection, sir, to move your seat, so as to let this lady sit by the window?"

The gentleman raised his eyes from his paper and looked at Mr. Charles an instant, and then answered, quietly, "I prefer this seat, sir."

He then went on with his reading as before.

Dovey pouted her lip and said, though in a tone too low perhaps for the gentleman to hear, "What a rude man!"

"We will give you *these* seats, sir," said Mr. George. "Come, Rollo."

"Yes, they'll do just as well," said Dovey to Mr. Charles.

"I think she might at least have thanked you for giving up your seat to accommodate her," said Rollo, when they had found seats at the other end of the car.

"I did not do it to accommodate her," said Mr. George; "I did it to get out of the sight and hearing of her. I would not ride from here to East Cambridge next to such a fuss-maker for all the courts in Massachusetts. I had rather be shut up in a freight car."

"How much trouble she makes her husband!" said Rollo.



"It is not the trouble," said Mr. George. "It is the mortification and annoyance. She is a perpetual torment. If that is the way that young wives treat their husbands on the bridal tour, I'm thankful that I am not a bridegroom."

Mr. Charles, mortified at the absurd figure he had made, had bowed to Mr. George, and sat down beside Dovey, in a state of greater alienation of heart from her than he had ever experienced before. And as this book may, perhaps, be read sometimes by girls as well as boys, I will here, for their benefit, add the remark that there is no possible way by which a lady

can more effectually destroy any kind feeling which a gentleman may entertain for her, than by forcing him to exhibit himself thus in an awkward and ridiculous light, by her unreasonable exactions on journeys, or rides, or walks, or excursions of any kind that they may be taking together.

Now it happened, while this scene was taking place, a foreigner had got into the car. In his coat pocket there was a red "Guide to New England." He was reading De Tocqueville on America, and had asked Benny whether Jarvis Field (where, the reader will remember, Thanny was imprisoned) was a prairie; and whether buffaloes (bisons) were still shot in Cambridge. This gentleman was Mr. Henry James.*

As soon as he saw Dovey, he began to take notes of her with a polyglot pencil on analytic paper. When the proctor saw this, he fled incontinently.

Mr. James then inquired of Mr. George, with a strong foreign accent, whether the lady, his *vis-à-vis*, was *de ses amies*. Mr. George emphatically disclaimed her acquaintance, though admitting she had been of service to him the day before.

"The gentleman her *compagnon de voyage* is, I fancy, her husband?" queried Mr. James. "A most unhappy *ménage*!"

"I do not believe it," said Mr. George.

"*Tiens!* and can it be the custom in this country for young ladies to travel unattended, or, still worse, in the company of a young man, from Cambridge to East Cambridge? I must remember this in my forthcoming work on the American Girl."

While this conversation was going on, Dovey moved up next to Mr. George. She sat by his side, leaning towards him in an attitude of confiding and affectionate attachment, and chucked him under the chin in a playful manner. Mr. George's pale face was beaded with cold perspiration.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRIAL.

The Sentence to Death.

The Elopement.

WHEN Rollo entered the court-room he was conducted to the dock by four policemen. (The dock is a private seat in court, reserved for clergymen and Sunday-school superintendents.) In front of Rollo behind a bench sat the Judge. In front of him stood

* Mr. Henry James is a European born in America, gifted by the Giffie with the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us.



a black bottle and a glass ; he was playing poker with the clerk. (Poker, or bluff, is a game for training ministers.) On his right were the jury, composed of twelve men, who could neither read nor write, and did not know enough to form opinions. A large spittoon stood in the focus of their convergency.

"Read," said the Judge, "the pleadings."

The declaration was drawn up by a member of the Harvard Law School. It stated "that on the twenty-eighth of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, the defendant, Rollo Holiday, did, in the Parish of St. Mary's parochial school, in Cambridge aforesaid, with force and arms and against the peace of our lord the people, make a felonious assault on the person of William Paterson, policeman, and much pull about, bruise, mangle, hit, beat, strike, wound, maim, injure, and discommode, and otherwise maltreat the said William Paterson, to the damage —"

"Boil it down," said the Judge.

"Rollo struck Billy Paterson," said the Attorney-General.

The plea read by Benny stated that "the said plaintiff, at the place aforesaid, made an assault on Rollo ; and thereupon the said defendant, in order to protect and defend himself, necessarily and unavoid-

ably seized and laid hold of the plaintiff, and in so doing necessarily and unavoidably a little pulled about, bruised, mangled, and maimed the said plaintiff ; and softly and *molliter manu* mashed his eye, and did necessarily and unavoidably put a head on the said plaintiff ; without this, that he did it any more than said plaintiff richly deserved, whereof —"

"Boil it down," said the Judge.

"He struck us first," said Benny.

The Harvard law student then made a replication *de injuria sua absque tali causa* ; which the judge requested to be boiled down.

"You lie back," exclaimed the Attorney-General.

"Go to thunder !" said Benny. This, in legal phrase, is termed a demurrer. This was overruled, and the evidence was then put in.

Rollo's counsel first endeavored to prove that Rollo had been asleep. "Too thin for this court," said the Judge. Then, that Rollo was under fourteen, and innocent ; but the plaintiff proved that malice made him old. Then, that Rollo was of such infamous character that a trial would corrupt the newspapers, and expressed his willingness to take a verdict of murder in the second degree. But that cat would not fight ; so Benny then pleaded that the College Yard was a sanctuary ; but the plaintiff put a certain

Great Man* on the stand, who swore that nothing about the yard was sacred to him, and he did n't believe it was to any one else.

Benny then sought to prove that the plaintiff's great-grandmother was a woman of bad character; but the Judge said such evidence was inadmissible.

Benny said that was not the law, and cited *Tichborne v. Tichborne*.

Upon this, the Judge pulled out two seven-barrelled revolvers, and laid them on the bench.

"That," said his Honor, "is the law, by thunder!"

Upon this Benny threw up the case, and the Judge put on his black cap.

Poor Rollo was sentenced to death!

* * * * *

As Jonas was going out of the court-room, weeping, a Bell telephone boy handed him a note.

It was a scrawl from Mr. George, written in blood, with the point of a pin. It read thus:—

"Dovey is eloping with me. She has chartered a horse-car, and we are to be married in Boston. For the love of heaven, Jonas, save me, and I will ask my brother to raise your wages."



Jonas at once went in search of the one-horse shay.

* U. S. Grant, when President of the United States, was familiarly known as the Old Man. The President of Harvard is a "bigger man than old Grant."

CHAPTER XII.

POSITIVELY THE LAST NIGHT OF THE CONDEMNED.

Rollo's Last Tea.

The Dungeon Sell.

In the lowest cell of the East Cambridge bastile a young lad, heavily loaded down with manacles, was seated alone. He was neatly attired in a suit of



black broadcloth, and a celluloid shirt-collar. It was the unfortunate Rollo. In the evening he was to be launched. The sound of many hammers in the prison court-yard showed that the dread preparations were under way.

"And but yesterday morning I was a happy, merry lad!" cried the unfortunate boy, with a shudder, as he paused to listen to the busy hammers. "Ah! why," continued he, "did I touch the sacred person of a Cambridge policeman? Not that I remember doing it, but I have been taught to regard the privilege of trial by a jury of my peers as a sacred thing; and they have found me guilty. Ah! who comes here?"

As he asked the question a man in black tights, with a wig and shaggy eyebrows of the same sable hue, penetrated the gloom of the cell. He carried a dark lantern, the light of which he flashed upon Rollo's pale face.



It was the urbane and gentlemanly turnkey. He handed Rollo a brown-stone jug of water, and a Vienna roll. "Your *tea*, my dear boy," cried the turnkey, with a sensitive smile at the delicate irony of his remark. "Your Pa and Ma are without, and would see you." At this he unlocked the cell door, and Mr. and Mrs. Holiday entered.

"Rollo," said Mr. Holiday.

"Yes, father," answered Rollo.

"I understand that you are to be hanged this evening. I hope that it will teach you a salutary lesson," returned Mr. Holiday.

"I hope so, sir," answered Rollo.

"It has been," continued Mr. Holiday, with a good deal of grief and sternness in his voice, "a peculiarly annoying morning both for me and your mother. My visit here leaves my affairs in the city without the benefit of a master's eye. I am very nervous, and I cannot say when I have been so upset."

Mr. Holiday, as he said this, raised his hand wearily to his brow, which was furrowed. His wife drew from her reticule a bottle of smelling-salts, and handed it to the stricken gentleman. He thanked her with a thin, sad smile.

"Would you like a seat, Ma?" asked Rollo, with thoughtful consideration.

"Very much indeed, thank you, Rollo," answered Mrs. Holiday.

"Then sit down on the floor and let your legs hang over —"

"Rollo!" interrupted his father sternly, "this is not a fitting time for repartee. We have come for your last words. It unmans both me and your mother."

"Give my chewing-gum to sister, I sha'n't want it more!" said Rollo, with tears in his voice.

"Dear child! so thoughtful for others even at this moment," cried the poor mother.

"Present my checkered pants to brother, he will fill them up some day," continued the childish, pleading tones.

"I will do it with pleasure," answered Mr. Holiday.

"Can I do anything more for you?" asked Mr. Holiday. "I shall not be at the — ceremony in the evening. Your Ma will be there, I hope. You know what an invalid I am."

"Nothing more, Pa! — thanks! But stay, I should like one dollar and thirty-seven and a half cents (\$1.37½)."

"Certainly, my son," said Mr. Holiday, handing him his I. O. U. for the amount, "and I have brought

this for you," continued he, handing Rollo a copy of the *Boys' Weekly Scalp-Raiser*. "It will assuage your loneliness to-day."

"Thanks awfully, Pa!" cried Rollo, seizing the sheet. "Do you know if I had lived I should have become a Buccaneer?"

"I know the deleterious effect upon the young of their reading flashy literature," said Mr. Holiday. "The profession of a Buccaneer, though once a lucrative one, is not now one which I should recommend to any one in whom I took an interest. I had intended you to be a Baptist minister."

"Good evening, Rollo," said Mr. and Mrs. Holiday, starting to go.

Rollo sat with his head upon his knees.

Mr. and Mrs. Holiday left the cell, and walked down the corridor.

Presently Rollo called, "O Pa and Ma!" They hastily returned.

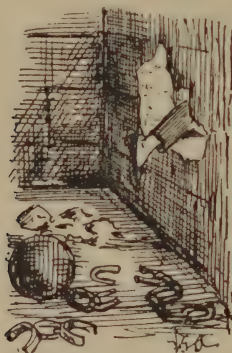
"What do you desire, my son?" asked Mr. Holiday.

"How far would you have gone, if you had not come back?" asked Rollo.

This Rollo called a dungeon sal.

Mr. and Mrs. Holiday shook their heads sadly and went forth.

Rollo sat and tried to read the *Scalp-Raiser*, but it reminded him of happier days. In his despair he beat his head against the wall of the cell. The stones gave way, for they had been erected by contract.



"A flaw in a cell is better than two in an indictment," cried Rollo. To snap his manacles, twist off his gyves, bite his handcuffs in two, and emerge from the opening, was the work of a moment.

Rollo, to his surprise, found himself upon an open road, and started on a run for Boston.

Soon he felt two arms around his neck. He turned and saw Benny. "I came," said he, "to console

you by telling you of your admission to College without conditions. I, alas! was rejected. But I feel hopeful, as I intend to get my degree as Governor if the Republicans nominate Grant."

Rollo sighed. This hopeful prattle did not cheer him.

"But, Rollo," said Benny, "you must return to jail. Having been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen, it is now your duty to be hanged."

Thus urged, Rollo sadly retraced his steps and entered the jail, when Benny claimed a reward for the capture of an escaped convict. Rollo cried himself to sleep, Benny assuring him that, if he was Governor, he should be pardoned.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ELOPEMENT.

Wood not Won.

Rollo Suspended.

DURING the progress of Rollo's trial Mr. George had left the court-room to take—a breath of fresh air. His nervous system had been very much shattered by the excitements of his journey and adventures. So, after he had taken his breath of fresh air, he filled his T. D. pipe, and, lighting it, seated himself upon the rail of a fence to enjoy the sozodent of the atmosphere.

He was busily thinking that he was thinking, and was lost in the thought, when he felt a soft touch on his shoulder, and heard a low voice whispering in his ear, "O George!"

He turned, and perceived Dovey, smiling sweetly upon him. She was dangling her bonnet by the strings. It was trimmed with orange-flowers and peel. "Madam," said he, with old-fashioned courtesy removing the pipe from his mouth, "to what am I indebted for this most unexpected *rencontre*, as we say in Paris?"

"Paris!" cried Dovey, "I have never been there! We will go there *together*! Where thou goest, I will go."

"Pardon me, madam," said Mr. George, "I hardly comprehend the meaning of your suggestion."

"O Love! my Love!" cried Dovey. "You are the twin soul that halves my own. It is Destiny! Every true heroine marries her noble preserver. I am your noble preserver. Come, fly with me! Behold yon gayly caparisoned horse-car. Let us seek Boston—and be forever one!"

"Stay, madam," said Mr. George. "Your wooing is a hasty one. Excuse a natural perturbation. I can



but pardon you when I think of the great temptation to which you have been subjected. In my day I have broken many a maiden's heart, and smashed numerous firesides.*

"Dear George!" cried the impatient maiden; "but every moment is precious, — let us away!"

The unwilling Mr. George was dragged along by Dovey, and sat pale and trembling in the horse-car which awaited them. He found time, however, to secretly send the message written in his blood to Jonas. The conductor pulled the bell, and the car started down the track. Dovey sat down very near Mr. George, and cooed in his ear, but his eyes were fastened expectantly on the rear window of the car. The horse-car sped madly on. The students taking their constitutionals could with difficulty keep up with it. Mr. George nervously clutched the seat, and an expression of despair came over his face as he saw the driver lash the steeds so that they burst into a furious wild jog-trot. There were no signs of Jonas and the shay. He could see way down the long road, and no cloud of dust, nor clatter of hoofs, nor scent of pursuit, was seen, heard, smelt. Suddenly a smile broke out on his face.

It occurred to him that before reaching Boston it was necessary to pass over a drawbridge. It had been his experience that on important occasions the draw was always open. And he now saw a mud-scow drifting down the stream racing with the Law School eight. Perhaps they would be detained!

His heart gave a great leap as he heard far behind the peculiar rattle of the one-horse shay and the

well-known strains of Jonas's jews-harp sounding in pursuit. There was yet time.

Dovey gave the conductor another red ticket to accelerate the speed, and absent-mindedly he punched Mr. George's head. It was a weird scene. On either side the Charles River lashed into foam by the fury of the Law School eight, who were now two lengths behind. In front the horses fled through the air like rockets, with a trail of sparks behind them. And nearer, ever nearer drew the shay, the old white horse, and Jonas. It was a trying moment. Twenty minutes more, and Jonas would have covered the few hundred feet that lay between them. A moment's delay was caused by the Law School eight fouling the scow. While the captain of the scow threw mud on them, the horse-car got upon the drawbridge. Scarce had the last wheel left when the draw opened to permit the passage of the now victorious scow. Jonas arrived on the brink. The chaise, over-strained by the mad chase, fell in a thousand pieces. The horse reared up over the chasm, and fell forward, crushing the Law School eight.

As Jonas sat like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, the toll of a brazen bell fell upon his ear. Looking back, he saw the distant Cambridge jail, the gibbet, and the pendent form of Rollo silhouetted against the evening sky.*

* The historians of this unhappy family regret that, in their regard for truth, they have been forced to sin against the rules of art and good taste. "Nec Medea coram populo trucidet liberos." But the sanctity of the Cambridge police force is well known: and at that time Rollo's death was required as an example and a warning.

L'ENVOI.

As we said in our Preface, the scenes of our tale are laid in quiet and virtuous life ; and we hope that to such slight faults as our characters have been found guilty of, even-handed justice has been meted. In these pages crime has ever met its own reward, while vice is castigated with just severity.

Shortly after the execution of Rollo, Mr. Holiday, Treasurer of the town of Cheeset for fifteen years, got his accounts hopelessly confused, and left with the cash balance for foreign parts, to balance them at his leisure. Far from the happy home in Cheeset he wandered a lonely exile for many years in the dreary streets of Paris and the wastes of Monaco. And his end was terrible. He died in a pepper-cask, off the coast of Sumatra, cursing God and man.

Mrs. Holiday sued for a divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper, and married Jonas. Thus at last Jonas became master in that wood-shed where he had been so long a faithful servant. His probity and astuteness rewarded, he has exchanged his jacket for a black broadcloth dress suit. But he does not inculcate the elevated morals, the practical training, in his own sons. The fate of Rollo, his first pupil, deters him.

Mr. George was taken in by Dovey and married in Tremont Temple by the Rev. Flavius Josephus Cook,

as a prelude to his Monday Lecture. Thus was his perfection rewarded in the bliss of matrimony. He has started an opposition lecture-shop to the Rev. Flavius, and bids fair to surpass him in originality and depth of research, as he is now reading the encyclopædia backwards, and has got as far as Zymotic. They have had no children to bless their union ; and sometimes Mr. George, thinking of Rollo, says it is better so. He has erected, in a lonely sequestered cemetery where the daisies and the zephyrs blow, an ornate and tasty terra-cotta monumental stone, with the following inscription :—

ROLLO.

DIED SUDDENLY JUNE 27th, 1879.

"Those whom the gods love die hung."

But the hopes of the house of Holiday must be centred in Thanny. Still he lies in his narrow cell, like another Frederic Barbarossa. But when the key is re-turned upon his spirit, and, enlightened by the ten thousand gold books of the learned Confutsee, he enters the China trade, it is hoped that he will scoop the heathen, and put the family on a firm financial basis, marry, and continue the line.

Jinny is still in the wood-shed.



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